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TRUE COMICS

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TRUTH is stranger and a thousand times more thrilling than FICTION

THE STORY OF THE
CIRCUS

**FIGHTING
CHAPLAIN**

BROWN BOMBER
WORLD'S CHAMPION FIGHTER

SACAJAWEA
INDIAN HEROINE

**FATHER
DUFFY**

OTHER EXCITING FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE!

UNSUNG HERO
EAGLE OF THE SEAS

DRAKE'S FOLLY
WORLD'S GREATEST COWBOY

CAPT. ROY BROWN, Who Downed the Red Knight of Germany



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Janet, 13-year-old daughter of Eddie Cantor, is one of the Junior Advisory Editors of TRUE COMICS.



The famous historian and artist, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, takes a particular interest in TRUE COMICS as one of its Senior Advisory Editors.

"Is It Really True?"

By **GEORGE J. HECHT**, President and Publisher

IN PUBLISHING this magazine, with its title, TRUE COMICS, and its slogan, "Truth is stranger and a thousand times more thrilling than fiction," we thought it must be evident to everybody that all of its stories are true. But occasionally we still run across "doubting Thomases" who ask if it really is all true.

Yes, TRUE COMICS is all that its name implies. However, we sympathize with those readers who have become so accustomed to impossible fiction stories in the "comic" magazines that they find it hard to believe fact when they see it! And, of course, many of the feats accomplished by real people are so exciting and spectacular that it sometimes seems as if those who performed them must have been endowed with superhuman powers. But the very fact that they were not superhuman . . . just ordinary mortals like you and me . . . makes their stories all the more thrilling. Their heroic deeds or their brilliant accomplishments are not imaginary . . . they are real . . . and any of us with sufficient courage and will power and ambition might earn an equally important place among the world's great names.

So, as you turn the pages of TRUE COMICS, remember that you will find all fact, and no fiction . . . only true stories of real people. We believe you will enjoy them even more because you know that they actually happened. ★

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The **FIGHTING**

CHAPLAIN

Father **Francis Patrick Duffy**
of the "**Fighting 69th**"

TEACHER, writer, priest, chaplain, citizen and patriot! The story of Father Duffy is that of a backwoods boy who became a leader of men.

FRANCIS Duffy was born in Cobourg, Ontario, Canada, in 1871.

It's a
BOY,
Mrs.
Duffy!

I'll call him Francis.
You see, I thought
he'd be a girl.

He attended a little country school.

Hurry up, Frank --
you'll be late!

He was a brilliant student.

Frank Duffy, will you please answer the question? No one else seems to know the answer.



All the children came to Frank Duffy for help.

Help me with this problem, will you, Frank?

Sure, Johnny. Let's see it.



But the Duffys were poor. When Frank was thirteen, he had to leave school.

I'm sorry, Frank, you'll have to stop school and go to work. The family needs your help.

You know I want to help, Mother.



He went to work in a factory.

You'll start as an apprentice, Duffy.

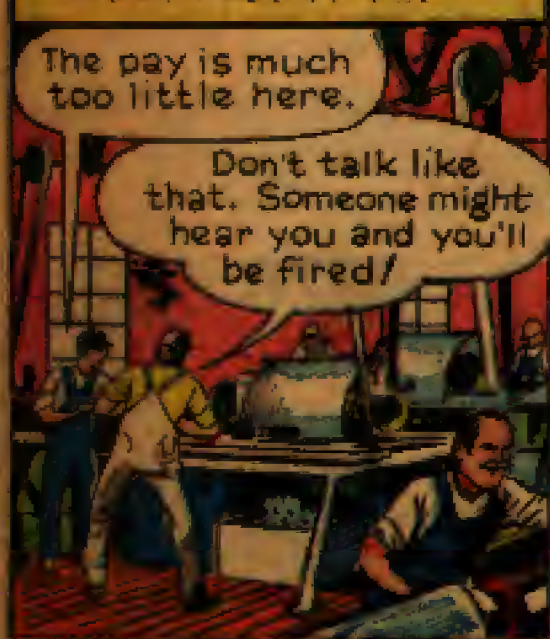
Yes, sir. I'll do my best.



But Frank Duffy wasn't satisfied.

The pay is much too little here.

Don't talk like that. Someone might hear you and you'll be fired!



I'm going to make something better for myself in life.



After a year, he went back to school and did odd jobs to earn money.

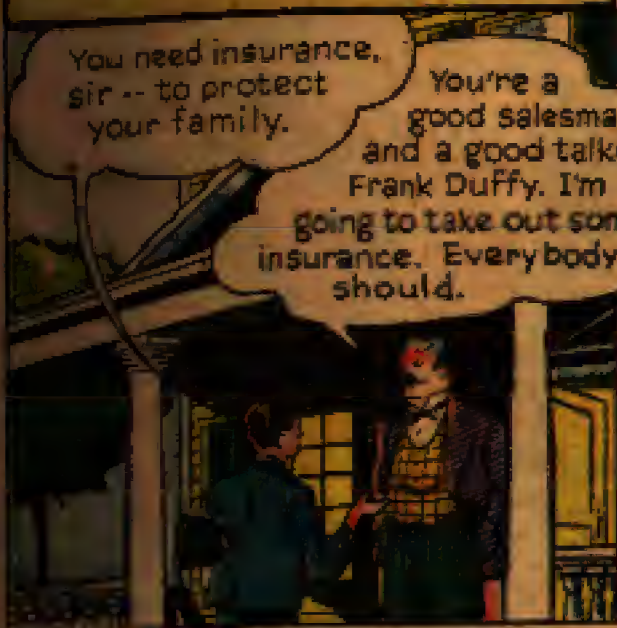
Get along there, Bossy. We've got to get you milked.



He sold insurance.

You need insurance, sir -- to protect your family.

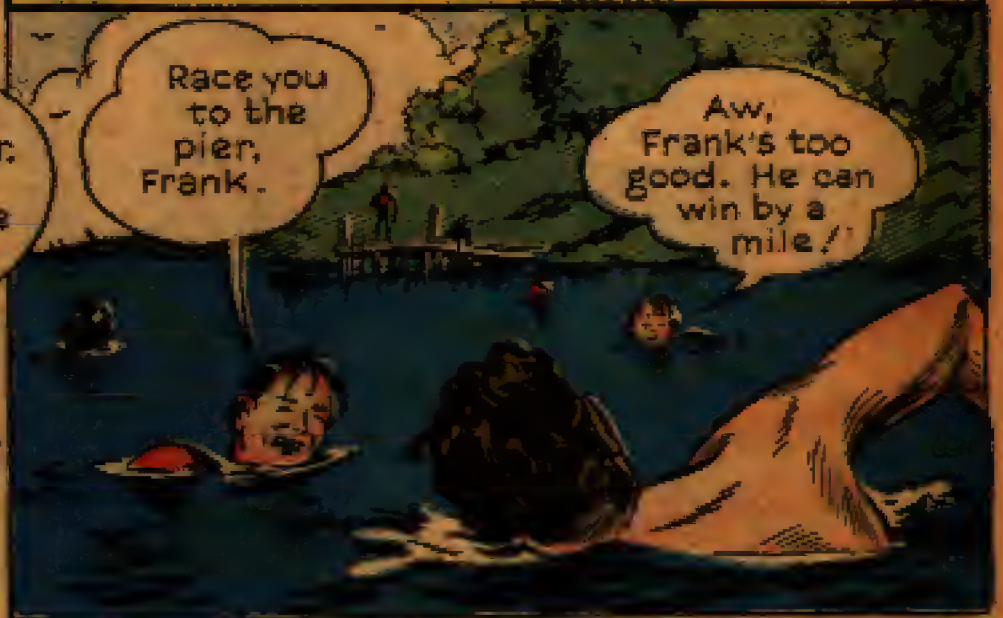
You're a good salesman and a good talker, Frank Duffy. I'm going to take out some insurance. Everybody should.



He had good times, too. He was an excellent swimmer.

Race you to the pier, Frank.

Aw, Frank's too good. He can win by a mile!



Frank graduated with honors when he was sixteen, and he was given a scholarship to St. Michael's College in Toronto.

Frank, this is a great honor for this town.

I'll make you all proud of me, sir.



At college, he won almost all the prizes.

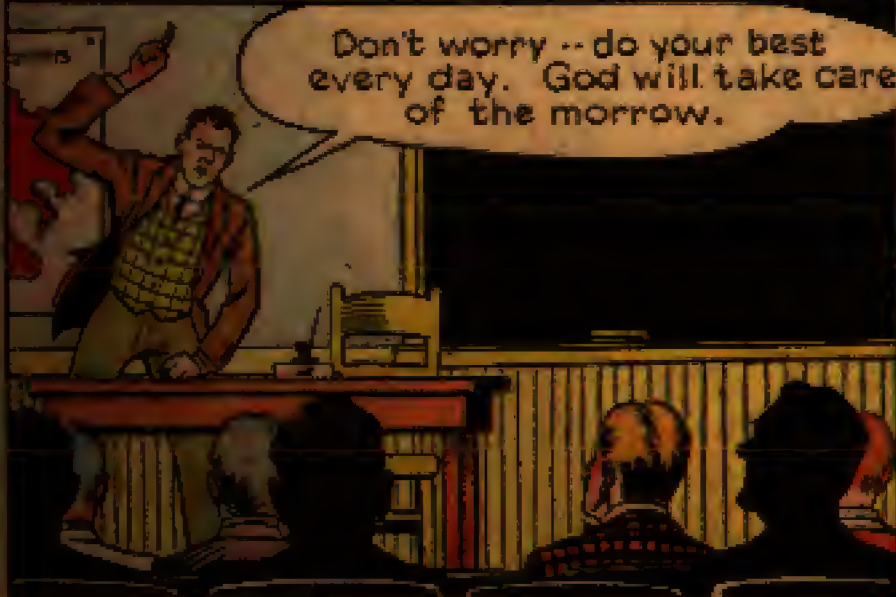
Gosh, Frank got first prize in math and literature.

Yes, and theology and scripture as well.



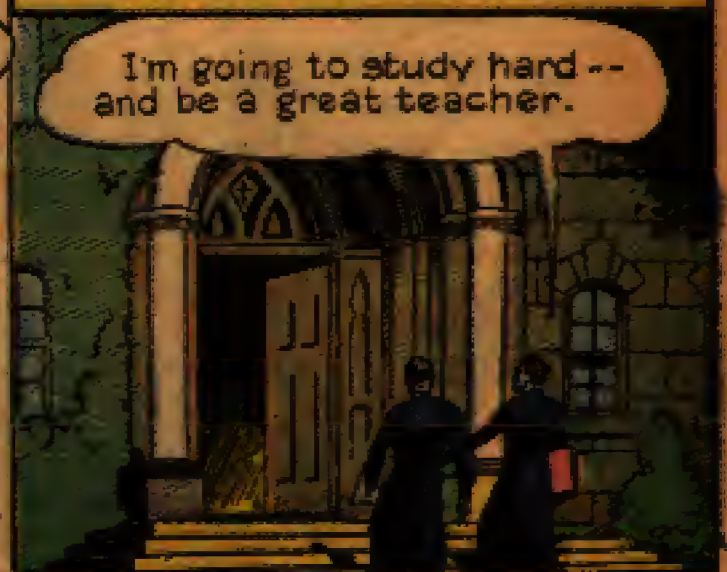
His second year, he was made junior professor.

Don't worry -- do your best every day. God will take care of the morrow.



When he was twenty-four, he entered St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy, N.Y., to study for the priesthood.

I'm going to study hard -- and be a great teacher.



He was a born leader and spokesman.

..Duffy, you have a lot of courage. Will you ask the president about this?

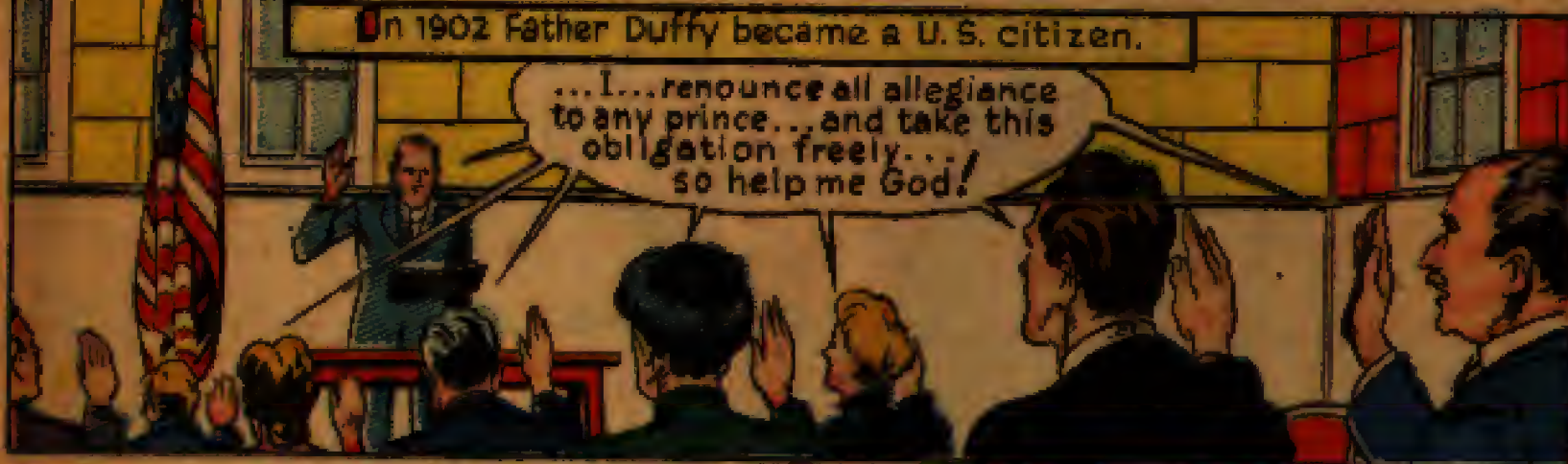


Father Duffy was ordained a priest at the new Cobourg Church on September 6, 1896.



In 1902 Father Duffy became a U. S. citizen.

...I...renounce all allegiance to any prince...and take this obligation freely...so help me God!



Many people visited Father Duffy to tell him their troubles.

Well, kid, what's new?

I've come for advice, Father.



Marc Connelly read the script of his play, *The Green Pastures*, to Father Duffy.

And Gabriel says: "Gangway for de Lord!"

That's great, Marc!



Al Smith consulted Father Duffy on his creed as an American Catholic.

Al, I'm very Irish, very Catholic and very American. But mostly, I'm just plain human.

Alexander Wolcott said:

New York is large for most of us -- but not for Father Duffy. He's of such dimensions that he makes New York a small town.

Father Duffy was commissioned to build a new parish at 183rd Street in New York City.

This is my dream -- the Church of Our Saviour.

He provided a room where mothers could leave their babies while they attended services.

You're so kind to us, Father.

If you can check a suitcase, why can't you check a baby?

He helped one hundred young men through school until they were established in priestly work.

I need a young man to do some gardening.

Tommy is a good gardener, Father -- and we'll be helping him on his way.

Although he understood children, Father Duffy could be stern.

Your Honor, I will be responsible for these boys. They aren't really thieves -- only misguided.

All right, Father, I'll leave them in your care.

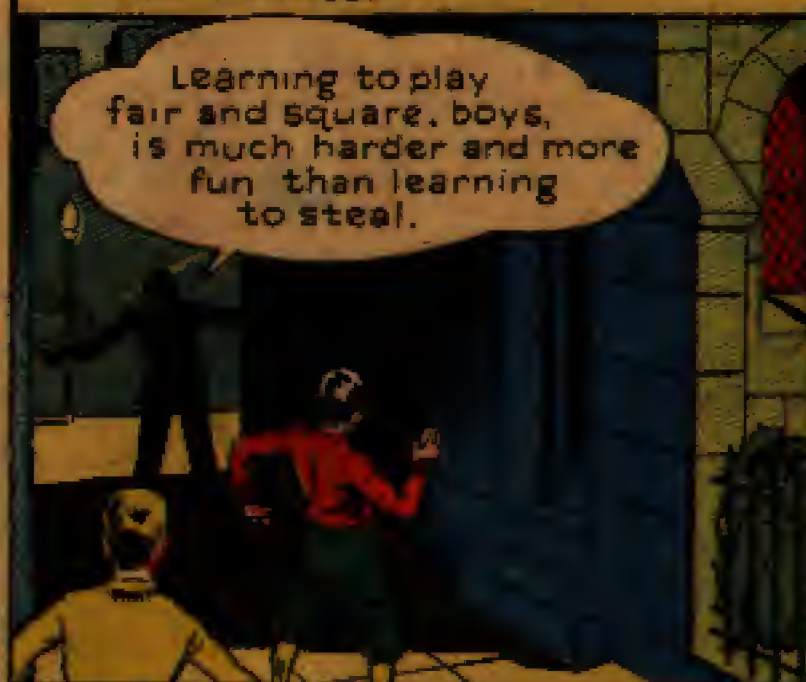


You boys must learn that it's bad to steal.



He believed in tempering punishment with kindness.

Learning to play fair and square, boys, is much harder and more fun than learning to steal.



In 1917, when the United States entered World War No. 1, Father Duffy became Chaplain of New York City's crack regiment, "The Fighting 69th."

There's Father Duffy!



On the thick of battle, Father Duffy went "over the top."

Forward!
Charge!



We held confessions in public squares.

Father Duffy is
a great comfort
to us.



Please pray,
Father!
I'm dying ...



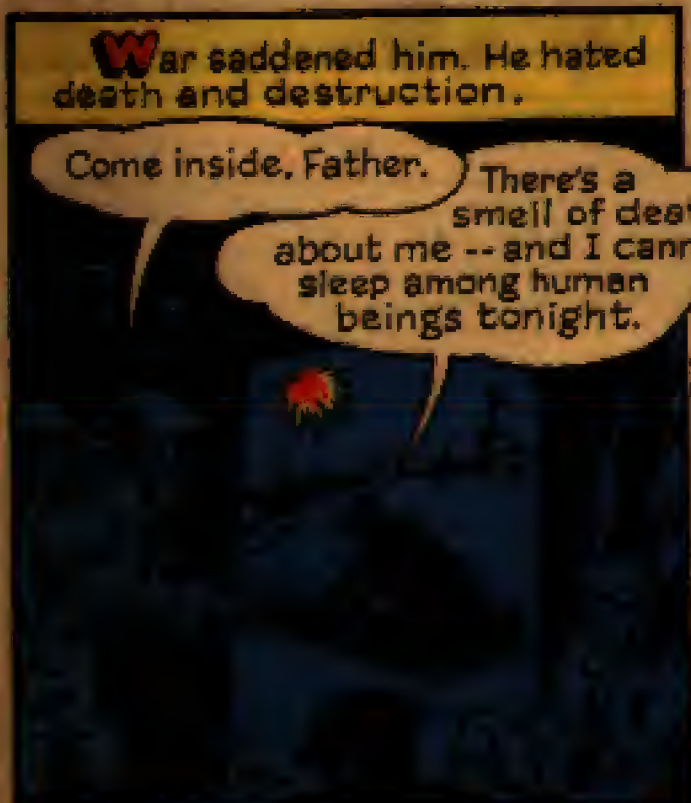
Last night -
I held Tommy in
my arms as he died.
I held him in my
arms as a baby.



War saddened him. He hated
death and destruction.

Come inside, Father.

There's a
smell of death
about me -- and I cannot
sleep among human
beings tonight.



But Chaplain Duffy kept on fighting
alongside the soldiers.

Duffy's the backbone of the regiment.

Yes -- he's worth ten
commanding officers.



Suddenly a gas shell exploded.



Chaplain Duffy was gassed.



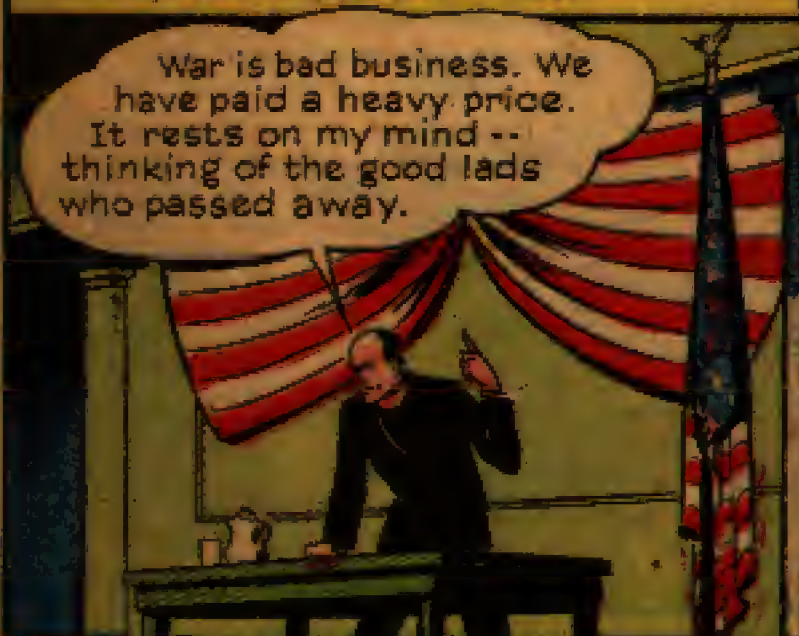
He was not badly hurt.



He won many awards for heroism.



After the war he was in demand as a speaker and a writer.



He had a sparkling Irish wit.



But he despised off-color jokes.

Now the ladies have retired -- we can tell some real stories!

The ladies may have retired -- but there are still some gentlemen present.



He wrote his biography.

Father Duffy's Story...
I hope we have a best-seller for you, Father.

You know, Joyce Kilmer was going to write this book for me -- before he was killed in France.



He became very ill -- the result of being gassed.

I have had the three things I wanted most; my priesthood, adventure and loyal friends. I have no regrets.



His funeral was a majestic pageant.



And a grateful people erected a statue of the Fighting Chaplain in New York's famous Times Square.



Eagle OF THE Seas



STEPHEN DECATUR

1779-1820

Stephen Decatur was one of our greatest naval heroes. He is best known for his courage and daring in the naval war against the dreaded Tripoli pirates who preyed on American shipping in the Mediterranean Sea.

Until you're commissioned as midshipman, I have arranged for you to work here and learn about ships.

That's fine, Dad, but I can hardly wait for my commission.

On April 30th, 1798, the long-awaited commission arrived.

You are seventeen years old now, Stephen, and must decide what you want to do as your life's work.

I want to be a naval officer, like you, Father.

Midshipman Decatur reporting for duty, sir!

You will find your quarters below with the other midshipmen.



On 1801 Tripoli pirates raided American commerce on the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Africa. Public sentiment demanded action.



War was declared on Tripoli in May, 1801, and the U.S. Fleet sailed to battle the pirates!

The pirates are sinking our ships and imprisoning our crews!

It says here that they ask one million dollars to stop this!

I say, let's send the American Navy after them!

There they go! We'll teach those pirates to respect the American flag!



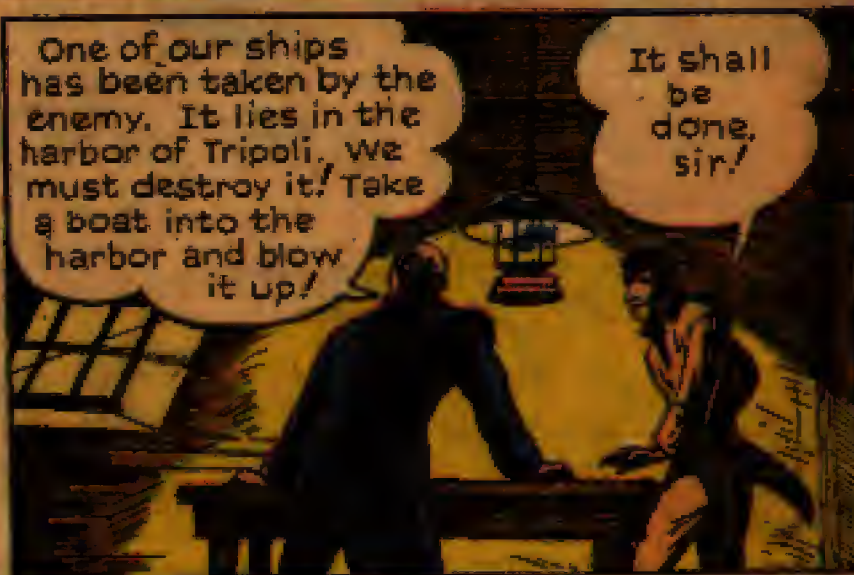
Decatur, by then a lieutenant, was called in by his commanding officer.

I have a difficult task for you, Lieutenant.

I am at your service, sir!

One of our ships has been taken by the enemy. It lies in the harbor of Tripoli. We must destroy it! Take a boat into the harbor and blow it up!

It shall be done, sir!



A few nights later.

Who goes there, aboard that fishing boat?

Honest fishermen, driven into harbor by the storms. We wish to rest for the night.

Come alongside for inspection.

Aye, sir!





That's the way, Lieutenant!

Over you go!

And you, too!

Yeow!

Oof!



We are out of range now. What a pity to blow up such a fine ship!

BA-BOOM!

We'll be lucky to get out of this one!

SLASH

Better than to have it used against us, sir!

On May 22nd, 1804, Decatur was made the youngest captain in the Navy.

For accomplishing this dangerous mission, you are commissioned a captain in the United States Navy.

I am deeply grateful, sir.



Decatur was given command of a gunboat.

Enemy gunboat broad of the port bow, Captain Decatur.

Order all hands on deck, ready for action!



Repel boarders!

Here they come!

Look at that big fellow!



My cutlass!

Now you are at my mercy!



Not yet!

Oof!



I will kill the Yankee captain!

No, you don't!



A brave seaman took the blow intended for Decatur.

This will hold you!

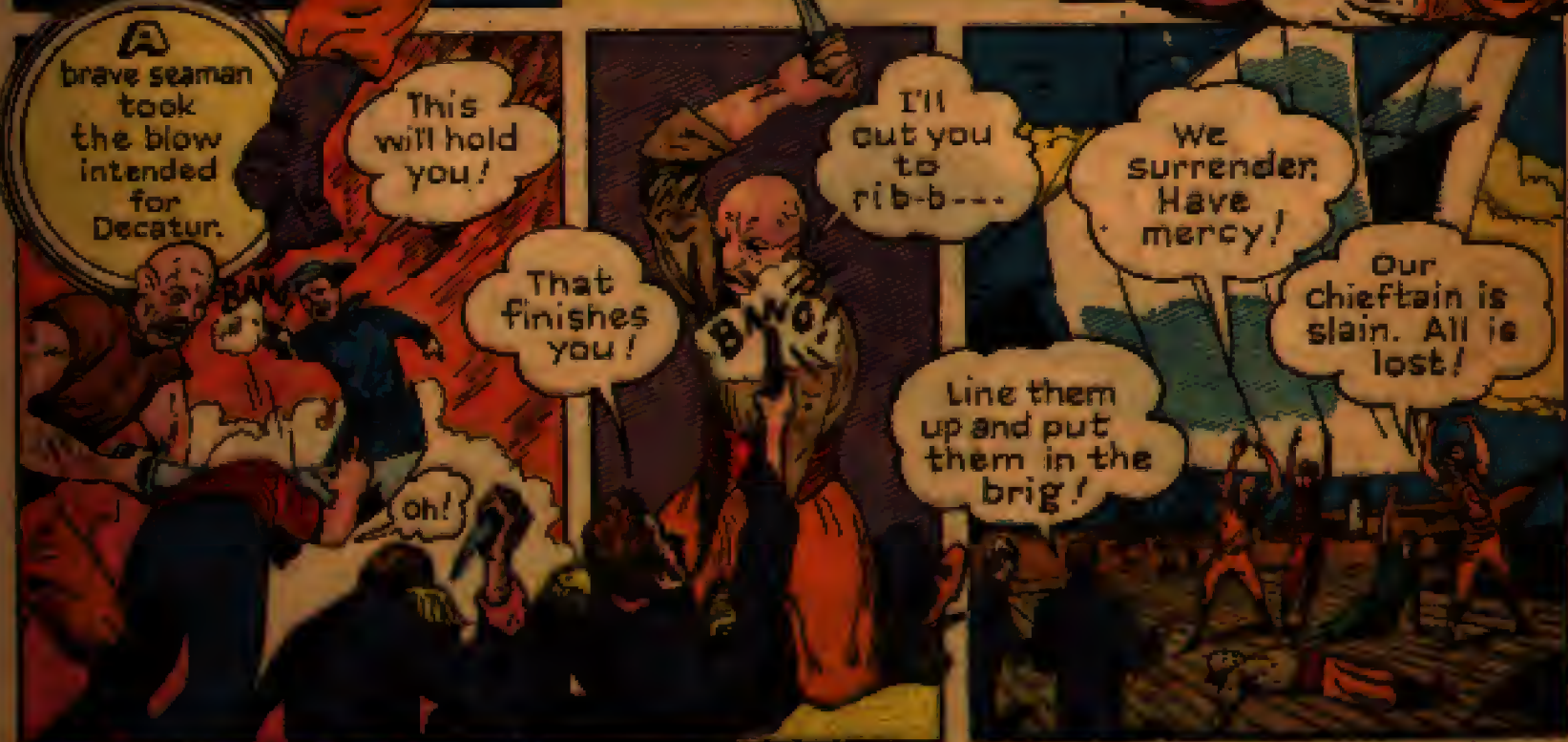
That finishes you!

I'll cut you to rib-b---

We surrender. Have mercy!

Our chieftain is slain. All is lost!

Line them up and put them in the brig!



On August 3, 1804, the U.S. Fleet bombarded Tripoli.

Open Fire!

Fire!

Fire!

Fire!

Fire!

Fire!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Peace came on May 19, 1805. The government of Tripoli* agreed to respect all our rights. Captain Decatur was hailed as a hero.

They are home after four long years!

The pirates will not seize our shipping any more!

Our Navy has made them respect the American flag.

But seven years later ...

War!

My country calls me again. I must go! War is about to break out!

Decatur commanded the frigate *United States*, on which he had served as a midshipman. He won many victories in the War of 1812.

Another broadside, lads. Fire!

That makes three ships taken, so far!

We can't lose with Decatur commanding us!

May you return safely.

The enemy strikes his colors!

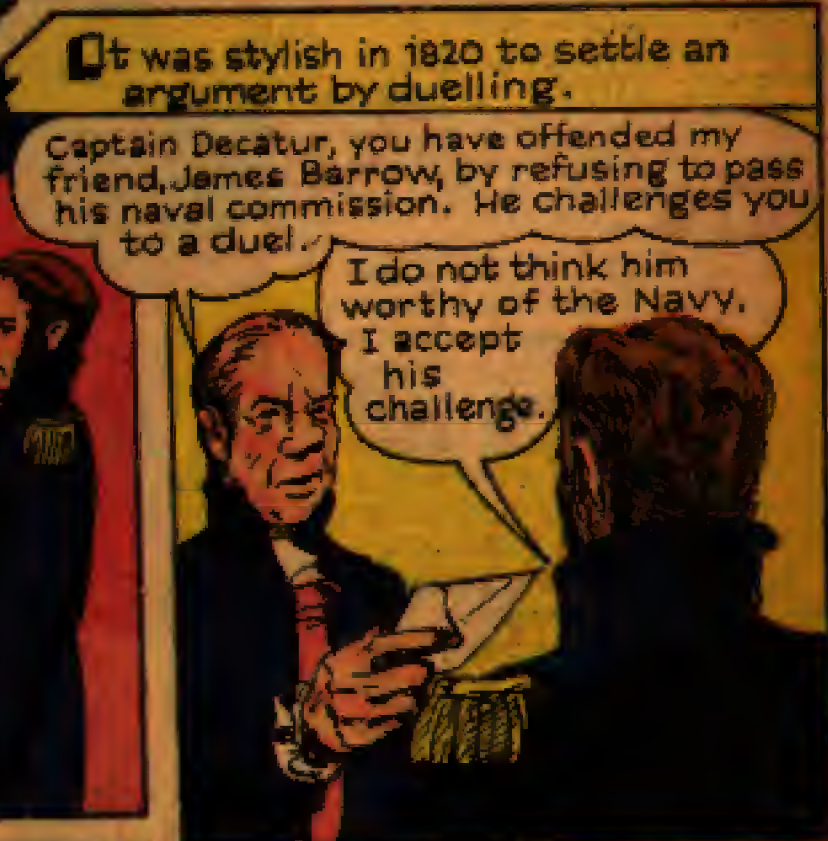
Victory is ours!

Hurray!

The war is over! We are victorious!

We are all happy. Now we can return to our families.

I will tell the men, Captain Decatur!



At daybreak the following morning, the men faced each other on the field of honor.



The World's Greatest Cowboy

GENE AUTRY

The story of a radio and film star and how he became the most famous cowboy in the world.

GENE AUTRY is not a manufactured cowboy product of Hollywood. He is a real, hard riding, bronco busting westerner.

In the past few years Gene has become the most famous cowboy in the world. He has his own coast-to-coast CBS radio program, "Melody Ranch." His film following is reported to be larger than ever and his recordings are all best sellers. But fame did not come easy to Gene. He had to work hard before he found success.

The story of Gene Autry's career as a singing cowboy goes back twenty-three years. Gene was ten years old. His father had moved to Ravia, Oklahoma, to become a rancher.

Like any other youngster his age, he was fascinated by the prospect of life on a ranch. In spite of his age, he soon became expert at roping, riding, bronco busting and the other ranch chores.

But Gene was a little bit different from the other ranch children. He was just as interested as they were in games and sports, but he also sang in the local church choir. This was sometimes responsible for the other kids calling him a sissy. Imagine Gene Autry a sissy! The excellence of his clear, natural voice prompted the town-folks' insistence that he take vocal lessons. Gene was not keen about the idea. His pals



GENE AUTRY
Film and C.B.S. radio star of
"Melody Ranch"

were kidding him enough about singing as it was.

But at fourteen, he made his debut as a professional singer. The owner of a medicine show that was visiting Ravia heard about Gene's singing and asked him if he would like to work with the show during his summer vacation from school.

Young Gene toured with the show for three months. He met hundreds of people who admired his singing and urged him to take his voice more seriously. But Gene still refused.

When the summer was over the youngster returned to Ravia to continue his education until he was graduated from high school. Then his career took a strange twist.

Instead of becoming a profes-

sional singing cowboy, Gene decided to become a telegraph operator. He studied telegraphy and secured a job on a railroad.

Autry's station was almost completely cut off from civilization. To make matters worse, he had the graveyard shift—from midnight to 8:00 a.m. That meant that he and his boss, a fellow named Jimmy Long, were alone for eight hours at a time with only an occasional message to transmit.

But it had one advantage. It gave him plenty of free time to practise singing.

Long liked Gene's voice and encouraged him. In fact, he persuaded him to increase his musical activity by buying a saxophone. But that was a mistake. After Gene had purchased the instrument from a mail order house, they realized that Gene could not sing and play at the same time! Autry wrote a letter to the concern from which he had bought it, explaining the situation. The mail order house agreed to exchange it for a guitar.

His new guitar increased his interest in music. Gene learned to play it and accompanied himself with it as he sang the songs of the old West.

One night as Gene and Long were sitting in their shack, a stranger entered. He spotted the guitar in the corner and asked the young telegraph operator to sing a song. Gene sang several as the visitor listened attentively. As the man left, he handed Autry a telegram and said, "Son, you have a swell voice. Work with it and you'll go a long way." Gene looked at the message. It was signed "Will Rogers." Gene says that the thrill he received when he



Gene Autry is a real, hard riding, bronco busting cowboy.

saw that signature has never been equalled.

This encouragement from Rogers was just what Jimmy Long was looking for as an excuse to insist that Gene try to do something with his voice.

When summer arrived, Jimmy sent Gene to New York on his vacation to try to get a job making phonograph recordings.

He haunted the offices of one of the big recording companies for three days. On the third day, discouraged and almost

without hope, he took out his guitar and started to sing. One of the executives of the company heard him and gave him an audition.

After the hearing, the official told the cowboy that his voice was good but lacked training. At least one year's experience—preferably on the radio—was necessary before they could consider him for records.

A bit disappointed, but no longer discouraged, Gene went home, borrowed a few dollars

from his family and set out for Tulsa, Oklahoma, determined to get the necessary background.

In Tulsa, a small radio station gave him a job which kept him busy for a year. Gene became known as "Oklahoma's Singing Cowboy."

Backed up by this radio success, Gene returned to New York. He was granted another audition and this time won a contract. One of his records, "Silver Haired Daddy of Mine," an original Autry tune, was an instant success and broke an all-time sales record.

In 1934, a motion picture producer decided to make a modern western. Its hero was to be different from any of the other heroes of western films. He would have no notches on his gun. There would be no killings. He'd bring the villains back alive. Hard-headed business men were to take the place of rustlers and desperadoes. The modern cowboy must be a combination of Hawkshaw-the-Detective, Robin Hood and a romantic troubadour.

The movie man heard of Autry and the following he had built up in the radio and record field. He gave him a screen test and decided that Gene was the new cowboy hero he was looking for. Gene was assigned to leading roles in "Phantom Empire" and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds"—both instant hits.

Gene's rise to fame was unusual because his pictures were never shown in the large cities. In spite of this, he found millions of fans in America's small towns. Word spread about his voice and the new cowboy appeal he offered. Before long, the larger theatres in some of the large cities were clamoring for his pictures.

Gene Autry is the most colorful cowboy star since Tom Mix. His cowboy outfits number over twenty. He never wears any other type of suit. He has more than thirty ten-gallon hats costing \$50 apiece.

But all of this did not come to Gene on a silver platter. It took almost twenty years of hard work.

SACAJAWEA

INDIAN HEROINE

SHE GUIDED LEWIS AND CLARK
ON THE FIRST EXPLORATION
OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.



About 1800, at the three forks
of the Missouri River, in the
Bitterroot Mountains, lived an
Indian girl with her tribe,
the Shoshone Indians...



The Blackfeet Indians, enemies of the Shoshones,
attacked the village and captured the Indian
girl and others of her tribe.



I have named
her Sacajawea,
the Bird
Woman.

They took the Shoshone girl to
the Blackfeet village, many miles
away, and held her captive.

In the Blackfeet village was a French trapper, named Charbonneau, who wanted to buy Sacajawea...

I'll give you these skins and this string of wampum for the girl.

Two strings of wampum - she's a strong squaw.



Charbonneau bought Sacajawea and married her...

Now you are my squaw, Sacajawea.



1805. Lewis and Clark, sent by President Jefferson to explore the Northwest territory of the Louisiana Purchase, wintered near the Blackfeet village...

Captain Clark, I can speak the Indian tongue. And my squaw came from the great mountains.

I will hire you as guides to show us the trail over the great mountains.



Clark and Charbonneau went to Sacajawea's wigwam.

A baby? How old? Capt. Clark wants you to guide him up the river and through the mountains.

He is a week old.



Do you know the trails, Sacajawea?

I have lived there, I know all the trails.



Then I will take you, but we can't take the baby.

With an Indian woman it is nothing, Captain. She carry him on her back.

If I go, the baby goes!



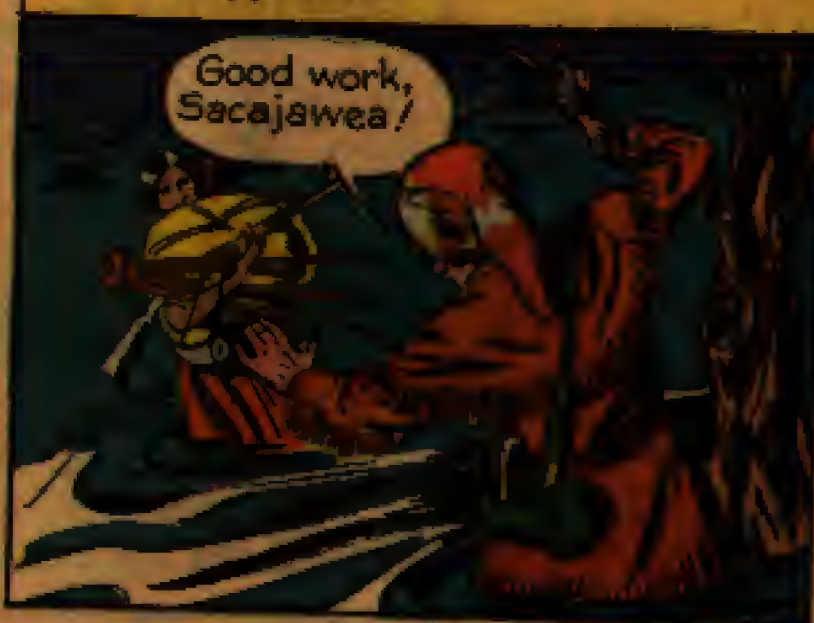
April 17, 1805. The expedition set out from Fort Mandan, bound up the Missouri River for the great unknown West...



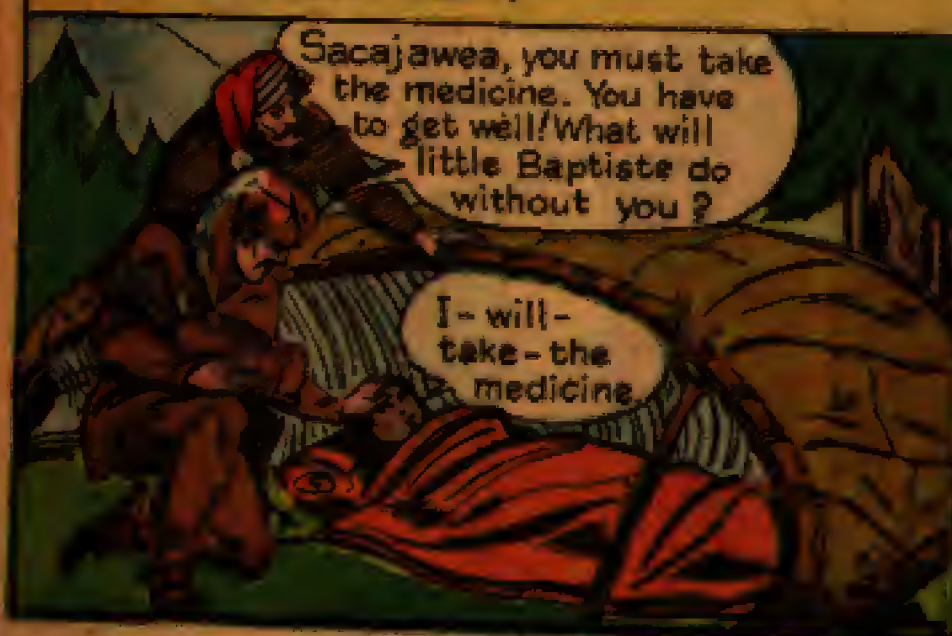
Up the Missouri they pushed slowly, against stream, over shallows, through rapids, until, on May 14, they came to a furious rapids...



Sacajawea, at the risk of herself and papoose, rescued valuable instruments and supplies...



Sacajawea fell ill. Captain Clark tried to doctor her...



She is very sick, Charbonneau. We cannot go on without her.

I will pray for her.



In a week she was able to go on, though still weak. In taking care of the baby, Clark became very fond of him...



June 29. A sudden rainstorm caused a quick flood, and Sacajawea and Baptiste were saved by Clark's efforts:



Late July. Near the headwaters of the Missouri River...

We are near the end of the water. It is my country. I know we can't go further in boats.

Then we must cache our provisions here, and go on by foot.



They built caches for supplies they would need on the way back, and figured how far they had to go overland...



I'll take Sacajawea with me and scout this way. You and Charbonneau go straight ahead, following the stream.

We'll expect you to join us in a week, Clark.



Somewhere over the mountains they would find streams flowing to the Pacific Ocean, and could again use boats; but now they had to find horses...



In a few days Lewis and his party sighted Indians on horses...



There they are!

Make the gesture of friendship that Sacajawea taught us.

The gesture of friendship—spreading a blanket on the ground so that the stranger may come and sit on it...



If they are of Sacajawea's tribe, they will come.

The Indians showed some hesitation. Then their chief dismounted and came forward unarmed.



Tell them welcome, Charbonneau, in Sacajawea's tongue.

Welcome, Shoshone chief.

With gestures and the few words Charbonneau had learned of Sacajawea's tongue, they told the chief that one of his tribe was with them...

My squaw is a Shoshone.

Good! Let us see her.



In the meantime, Clark's party had found foot-prints, and a moccasin.



No, that is not the moccasin of my tribe.

When several days passed and Sacajawea did not rejoin Lewis, the Shoshone Indians became suspicious.



But she will come soon.

Already wait too long.

When Sacajawea and Clark did join Lewis, the Indians had gone.



The Shoshones are near here.

Let's go to them at once!

They took Sacajawea to the Shoshone village and arranged a pow-wow...

O chief, here is the Shoshone woman, my squaw.

Who do you know in the tribe, woman?

I had a brother called Cameahwait.

I am Cameahwait!

We mourned you for dead, sister.

I am alive, and these are my friends.

The chief was ready to do anything he could for Sacajawea.

My friends need horses.

Anything they want.

With the Shoshone horses, the expedition started over the untracked mountains...

There is an easier trail through the mountains this way.

Then that's the way we'll go.

I will command them. You shall have all you need.

Brother, ask your braves who do not want to trade their horses, if we can use them for a while.

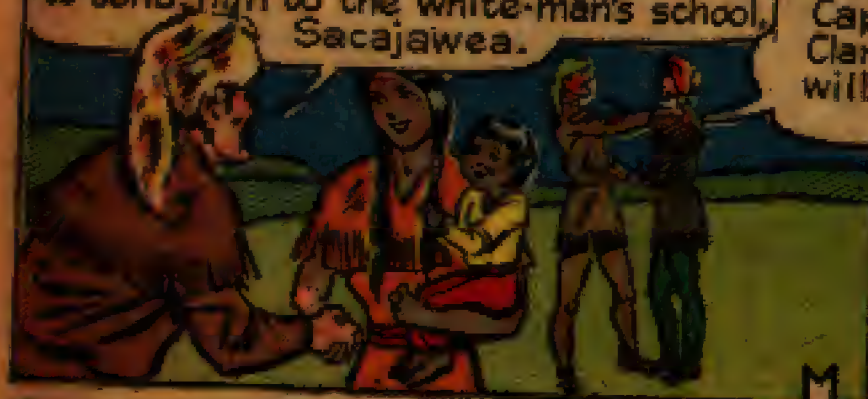
On Nov. 15, 1805, Lewis caught the first sight of the Pacific Ocean...



Sept. 1806, Lewis and Clark said goodbye to Sacajawea, Charbonneau and Baptiste, at Ft. Mandan on the return journey.

When your boy is a little older, I want to send him to the white-man's school, Sacajawea.

Yes, Captain Clark, that will be good.



We never could have done it without her.

We owe her more than we can ever repay.



In Portland, Ore., there is a statue to the strong-hearted Indian woman who guided the Lewis and Clark Expedition across the great unexplored Northwest.

THE CIRCUS

This Way to the BIG SHOW



We fly through the air

with the greatest of ease

Jeepers!

H'lo boys
h' galls

The CIRCUS

The circus at one time had to do with horse and chariot races and various ancient games of Rome. It was a strange and terrible spectacle. But to-day, what wonderful things the circus brings to mind! Its color and gaiety, its people and animals, its excitement and magic, make it a wonderful thing to behold. So --- let's go on to see how the BIG SHOW GREW.

Hi ya
Feel!

Okay
Toots!

I'll
eat ya

come, no
monkey business!

Gwan

THE ROMAN PERIOD

In the days of the Romans the Circus began with a gigantic parade. The Roman soldiers, their prisoners, elephants, lions, tigers, all marched to the "Circus Maximus" in Rome amid the shouting of the onlookers.

When the Roman Emperor threw a white flag into the arena, THE SHOW BEGAN.



All the wild animals were made to fight each other...



There were boxing bouts with lead gloves — foot races — wrestling ...



Gladiators fought each other for money or glory. Many were killed.



Baraback horse races were an outstanding attraction...



One of the main attractions was the famous and daring chariot race. The winning driver was acclaimed a hero...



Every kind of animal could be seen.

Then Rome fell! The world was plunged into the "dark ages." After a while, however, people began to look for pleasure, so here and there they came together. Some made fun, and others did tricks. Soon we had the beginnings of our modern circus.

IN ENGLAND
880 - 1700

King Alfred had his "Wild Beaste Showe" and "mountebanks" (funnymen).

King William, the conqueror of England, brought strong men and acrobats from the continent.



Merry Andrews (clowns) and athletes entertained the Earl of Warwick...



Edward III, employed rope dancers and contortionists.



Somersaulters and acrobats delighted Queen Elizabeth.



And Shakespeare made the fool (clown) popular...



Traveling entertainers stopped at village or town greens, which became the common ground for popular pleasure in the early days...



But it was not until the 1700's that the modern circus was started by Phillip Astley.



Astley, a soldier of the British Dragoons, was the first man to bring together entertainers and start an organized circus.



His show was known as "Astley's British Riding School." It was an immediate success in London.



He took his circus to France and became a favorite at the court of the French king.



One of the most popular acts in his circus was the "Egyptian Pyramid."



Astley's most spectacular feat was to jump over the backs of twelve horses.



After a successful career, Astley leased his circus to Franconi, a newcomer.



Franconi added a new act to the circus. He was the first man to enter a cage of wild animals and put them through their tricks.



Franconi's Hippodrome became the most famous in Europe. His daughter was the star of the show.



During this same period, "Ricketts," an outstanding horseman, came to America to organize a circus here.



He was America's first important circus man. When his show burned down, he set out to return to England, but was lost at sea.



America's first traveling circus was built around "Old Bet", the only elephant in this country. The strange beast often terrified horses.



So "Old Bet" was shot by an angry farmer.



One of America's greatest circus men was Seth B. Howes, who brought Franconi's Hippodrome to New York. It was an immediate success.



Howes later took the Americanized circus to England, but it was not so successful there.



Besides the big circuses, there were many small shows in which everybody did some trick or entertained.



The acts were performed in the open, and the audience usually stood.



Mountebanks, tumblers and jugglers roamed the countryside.



Music was usually provided by a drum, with a hurdy-gurdy and a fife sometimes added.



Gypsies were especially well-known for their animal acts.



While Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was not exactly a circus, it was the first *all-American* show of the circus type.



It was not until P.T. Barnum created the Greatest Show on Earth that we had the circus as we know it now.



Barnum sent out agents in advance of the circus. They prepared the way by picking out the circus grounds and putting up advertising.



The circus would arrive in the morning, and the "roustabouts" (helpers) would set up and arrange the tents...



Then the rest of the show would follow. Elephants, zebras, camels and horses.



The performers would then get dressed...



While, from every corner, came small boys, all eager to feed and water the elephants.



The side shows would then go up. Sometimes rowdies would try to start a rumpus. The cry of "Hey, Rube!" would raise the alarm.



But now let us go on to the big show itself! The ringmaster would blow on his whistle, the band would play, and the parade would start.



Mounted marshals would ride ahead of the parade shouting, "Hold yer hosses. The elephants are coming!"



The grand march was like a bespangled fairyland. Everyone seemed happy, bright and cheerful, for the circus typified happiness. After the "Spec" was over, the show would begin in all its splendor.....



The grand march was like a bespangled fairyland. Everyone seemed happy, bright and cheerful, for the circus typified happiness. After the "Spec" was over, the show would begin in all its splendor.....



What a thrill it was to watch the trainer put his dangerous "cats" through their act.



And how the spectators' sides ached at the silly old clowns and their funny tricks



The marvelous precision with which the "liberty" horses went through their difficult routine was enjoyed by old and young alike.....



...and the daring tricks of the agile bareback riders won instant applause.



The manner in which the "high school" horses went through their fancy steps won the acclaim of the onlookers.



Meanwhile, high above the heads of the audience, the timing, rhythm and daring of the "flying trapeze" artist...



...the thrilling feats of the "aerial ballet", held everyone breathless.



What a thrill it was to watch the agility of the tumblers..



The daring feats of the tight wire artists...



The skill of the performances on the horizontal-bars....



...And the elephants/ How strong they were, and yet how gentle; capable of picking up a tiny pin or a heavy log with their trunks. --The elephants, the very backbone of the circus...



And what iron nerve and perfect balance were shown on the high tight rope..



The laughter and applause at the balancing acts and antics of the seals...



The spectacular skill of the juggler...



The audience marveled at the strange people in the side shows -- The "freaks" of the circus...



Yes, audiences enjoyed the clowns, hosses 'n' elephants.



...when all was over, the circus folded its tents and...



DRAKE'S FOLLY

The story of the first oil well ever drilled.



Edwin L. Drake

THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY plays an enormous part in modern life. The beginning of the industry dates from the drilling of the first oil well in Titusville, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1859.

Before the discovery of America, the Seneca Indians used to skim petroleum off salt springs in Western Pennsylvania. They thought it had healing powers.

Strong medicine.



The pioneers secured salt from the springs by boiling the salt water. The black oily scum was a nuisance to them.

Salt would be easier to make if we could get rid of this pesky stuff!

No matter how much you skim it off, it keeps right on oozing out of the rocks.



About 1850, a druggist began to bottle petroleum and sell it as medicine.

Have you a medicine called "Seneca Oil"?

This is the same thing-- "Kier's Rock Oil."



CANDLE

PINE-KNOT TORCH

For hundreds of years there had been almost no improvement in the methods of artificial lighting... In 1850 they were still using:

WHALE OIL LAMP



About this time, a process for distilling coal was discovered. Then a new lighting product called coal oil was put on the market. It gave Mr. Kier, the druggist, an idea.

I wonder if I couldn't distill this stuff and make something like "coal oil".

Why not, Mr. Kier? Your "rock oil" is like liquid coal.



Kier made the first attempt at refining petroleum.

At least we've got most of the bad smell out of it.

Now we'll see if it will burn in a coal oil lamp.



It works!

It's as good as coal oil--we'll call it carbon oil!



The success of carbon oil and coal oil led promoters to buy up salt springs in Western Pennsylvania to get the crude petroleum.

I'll buy all the salt springs you've got on your farm.

That pesky rock oil has ruined all my salt springs. I'm glad to sell them.



On the next two years the business grew rapidly. A New York lawyer, George H. Bissell, became the owner of one of the largest "rock oil" companies.



John, we've got to find some cheaper and faster way to get "rock oil."

Yes, Mr. Bissell.

A few days later they were caught in a rain-storm and stepped under a drug store awning. Bissell saw something in the window.



Look at that bottle, John.

It's "Kier's Rock Oil"...



...pumped from a well? that's an idea!

KIER'S ROCK OIL

That's a lie -- I've been over every foot of Western Pennsylvania -- there's not an oil well there.

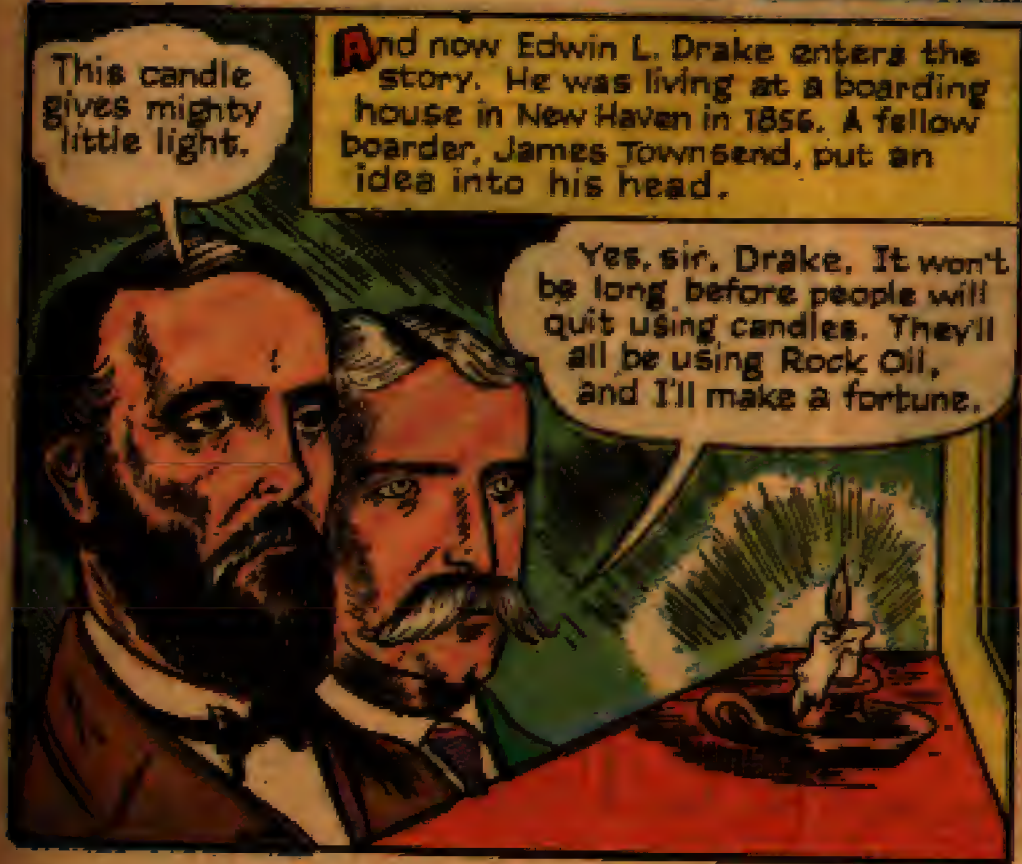
All right -- but it's an idea, and it's worth trying -- an oil well!



This candle gives mighty little light.

And now Edwin L. Drake enters the story. He was living at a boarding house in New Haven in 1856. A fellow boarder, James Townsend, put an idea into his head.

Yes, sir, Drake. It won't be long before people will quit using candles. They'll all be using Rock Oil, and I'll make a fortune.



I own a lot of this stock in Bissell's Rock Oil Company. You ought to buy some. It'll make you rich!

I've saved 200 dollars. I guess I'll invest it.



Drake invested in Rock Oil Company stock. Not long afterwards, he became very ill.

Our money's all gone. Can't you sell this Rock Oil Co. stock?

When I can get up, I'll see Townsend -- maybe he'll buy it back.



I want to sell my stock.

Nonsense -- we're going to make millions out of this. How'd you like a job with the company? I'm president now.



We want a man to go out here, where our land is, and find out if it's practical to dig a well for oil.

As soon as I get a little stronger, I'll go.



Drake went to Titusville, Pennsylvania.

I have a letter of introduction to you, Mr. Fletcher, from Mr. Townsend.

Jim Townsend, eh?



"Dear Bob: This will introduce Colonel Edwin Drake" -- Oh, are you an army man?

No, Mr. Fletcher, it's just one of Jim's little jokes --



But the title stuck, and Drake was called "Colonel" from then on.

They needed machinery to dig through rock. There was only one such drilling outfit in the county. Drake tried to hire it.


I've got lots of work. Maybe in six months, Colonel Drake.



But when nine months had gone by and the driller did not come, Drake went after him.

Look here, you promised me you'd come work for me --

It's a fool idea -- drillin' for rock oil. I won't do it!



Uncle Billy, can you and your boys make a drilling outfit, set it up, and work it for me?

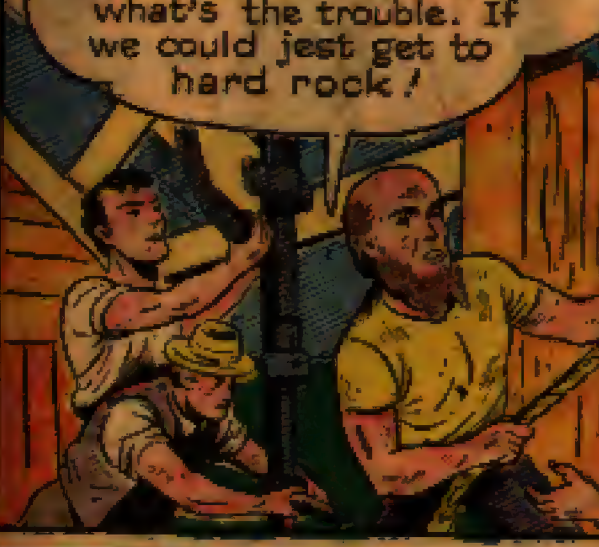
Unable to get the only drill in the vicinity, Drake went to the blacksmith, "Uncle Billy" Smith.

Guess we can.



On two months Uncle Billy had built a drilling outfit and had it at work -- but they had trouble.

It's this trying to drill through gravel and sand -- that's what's the trouble. If we could jest get to hard rock!




There seems to be gravel over all these salt springs.



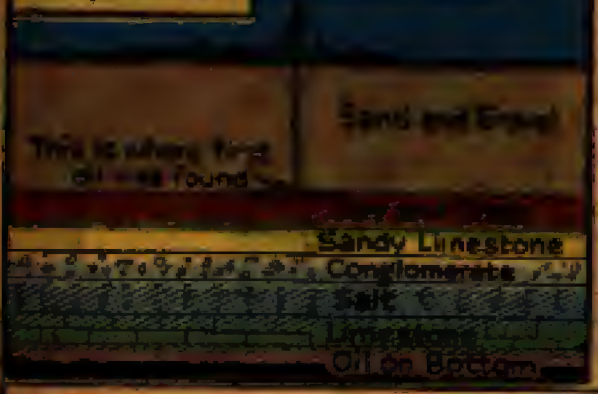
They tried six different salt spring locations, but every time the gravel stopped them.

It's no good, Colonel Drake. We can't drill here -- the ground ain't right.

If we could get down to solid rock--



Drilling through such material was impossible.



This is where first oil was found.

Sand and Gravel

Sandy Limestone

Conglomerate

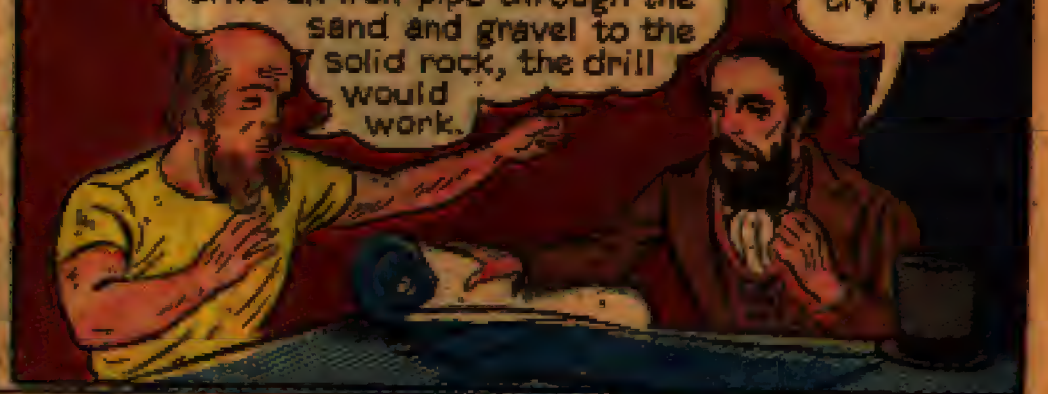
Salt

Limestone

Oil on Bottom

I've got an idea. If we could drive an iron pipe through the sand and gravel to the solid rock, the drill would work.

We could try it.



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They sent for iron pipe to try out Drake's scheme. It came, but there was more trouble for Drake.

Bad news, Fletcher! And just The Rock Oil Co. when you thought you had it licked with that iron pipe idea! won't advance any more money -- I guess that's the end.



I guess folks around here were right in calling my oil well "Drake's Folly."

Look here, Colonel, how much money do you need to finish it?



Six hundred dollars. But it might as well be six million. I haven't got a cent left.

Colonel Drake, I believe in this thing. I'm going to raise that money for you!



Fletcher and other Titusville men raised the \$600 and Drake kept the drill working.



That iron pipe idea of yours is workin' great, Colonel Drake.

We'll keep going till our money runs out!

Saturday, when they quit work for the day.

Look, the drill is sinking of its own weight -- what's happened?

Pshaw! We'll fix it tomorrow.



Sunday morning, when Uncle Billy and the boys arrived at the drill.



Look, pa -- the hole's full o' something

What is it?

Here, I'll dip up some with this --

Like as not it's jest dirty water.



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Colonel Drake's method was the first successful attempt to drill for oil. "Drake's Folly" became the grandfather of the great petroleum industry, which plays such an important part in our lives today.



The BROWN BOMBER

JOE LOUIS

WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION

Son of a poor cotton picker, JOE LOUIS, born in 1914, is today the greatest champion ever to wear the world's heavyweight crown...



His father died when JOE was four years old, leaving the family of five close to starvation.

The family moved to Detroit, and JOE and his brothers shined shoes and sold papers there...

How are you doing, JOE?

All right, I have only 5 papers left.

When JOE was 14, he worked as a helper on an ice-wagon.

This piece goes to the 5th floor, and that one to the 6th.

I'll take them both at once.

When JOE was 16, a friend urged him to take up

boxing.

I've never boxed before. Is it hard?

Nothing to it. I'll teach you all the tricks.



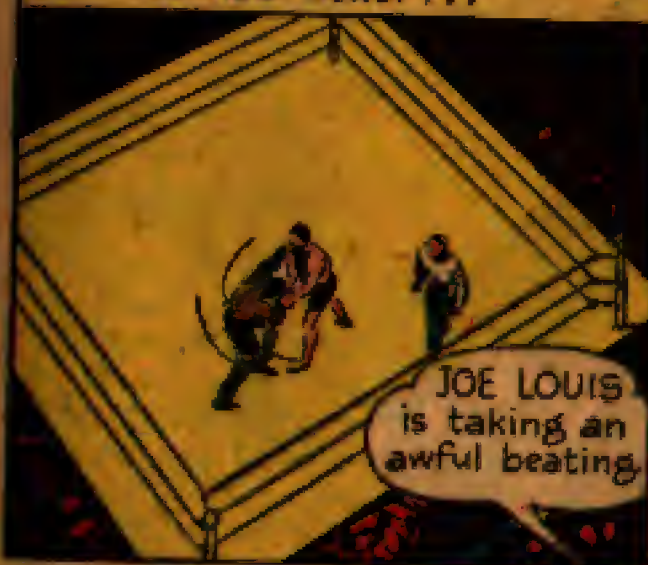
This friend wanted a sparring partner, and picked JOE because he was the most peaceful boy in the neighborhood.



JOE went in for amateur boxing, and won over all but one of his opponents by knockouts...



The only fight JOE lost, as an amateur, was to Max Marek, a Notre Dame football star who turned boxer...



At this time, JOE left the ice-wagon for a job in an automobile factory...



In 1934, JOE LOUIS turned professional. His trainer, John Blackburn, taught him the art of boxing...

That was a good workout JOE had.

He'll be a great fighter some day.



Because of his victories, JOE soon became known as the BROWN BOMBER..

JOE LOUIS is sure taking on some tough customers.

TO-NIGHT

JOE LOUIS

THE BROWN BOMBER

&

PAULINO UZCUDUN

THE SPANISH WOODCHOPPER

At 10:00 P.M. at the
Fifth Avenue Theatre
New York City

Admission
\$1.00
\$2.00
\$3.00

After 22 victories, JOE was signed, in 1935, to fight the Italian giant, Primo Carnera...



His defeat of Primo Carnera entitled him to the big battle with Max Baer, another former title-holder, whom he defeated in four rounds...



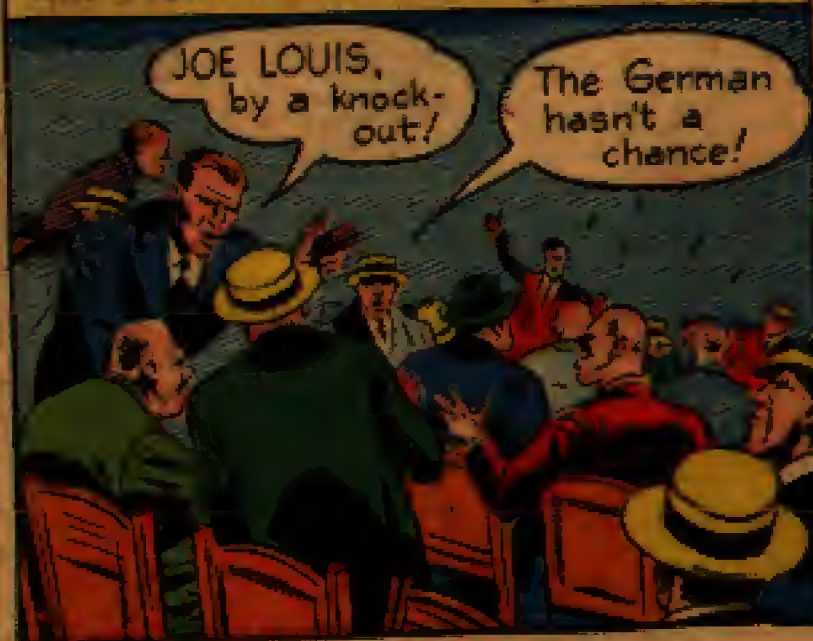
After several victories by K.O.'s, he became known as a "killer" who terrified all comers...

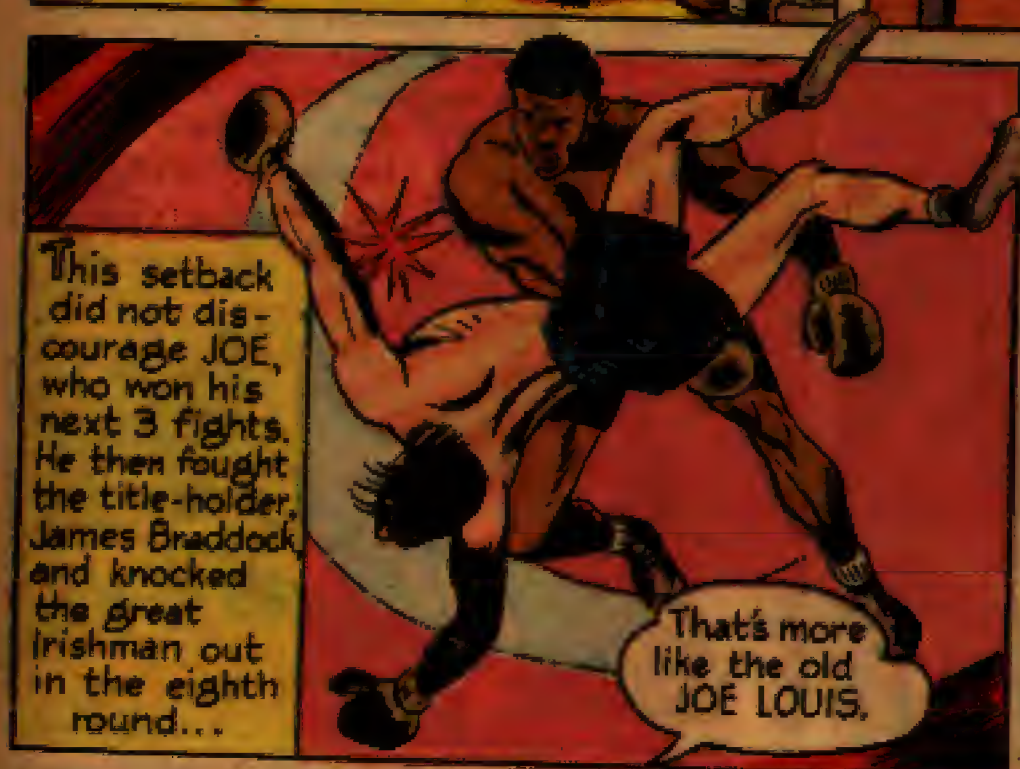


When not in training for his next fight, JOE retires to his farm. Here he raises prize cattle and hogs. He likes to ride...



In 1936 JOE LOUIS was a favorite to win from Max Schmeling...





At 23, JOE LOUIS became the
youngest world's champion..

JOE LOUIS, the
new champ. Read
all about it!

Here,
boy, give
me a
paper.



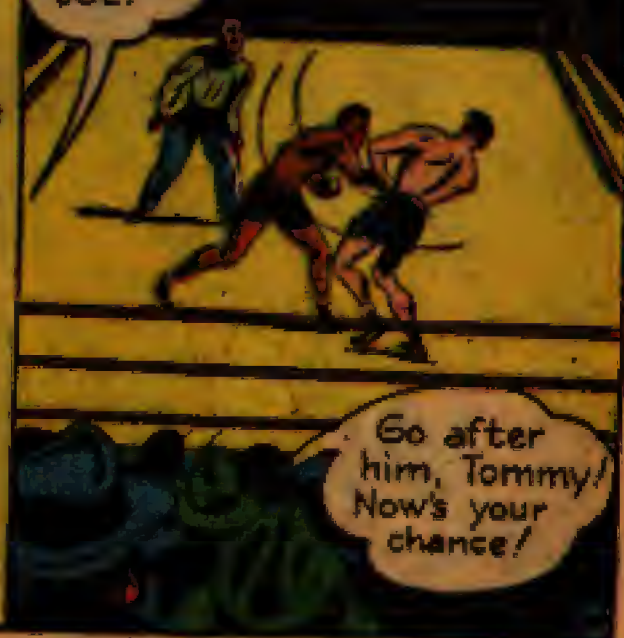
When training for a fight, JOE'S man-
ager plans a line of battle, and teach-
es him by diagrams drawn on the
ring floor...

Fast footwork will
improve your punch,
JOE.

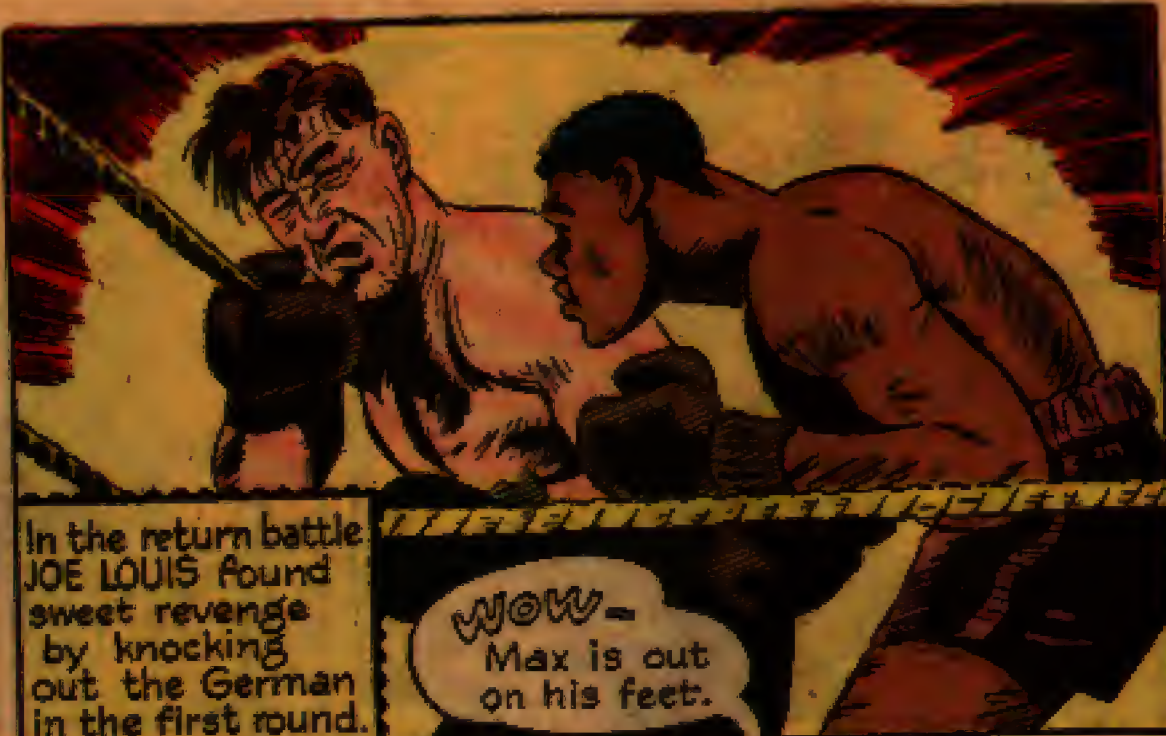
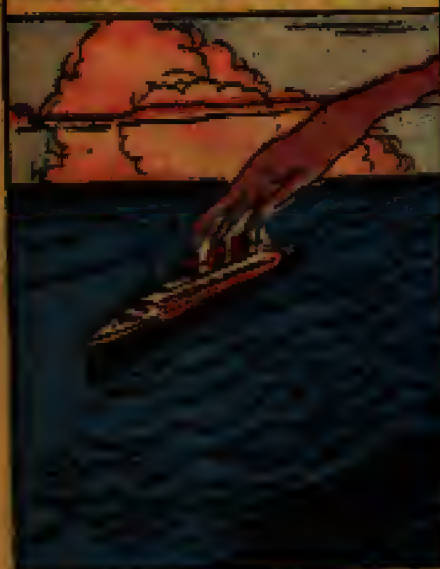


His first
match as
champion
was with the
British
heavyweight,
Tommy Farr,
who went
the 15 rounds
limit with
him. JOE won
a decision..

Atta boy,
JOE!



When Max Schmeling returned from Europe in 1938, he was again matched with JOE LOUIS.



In the return battle JOE LOUIS found sweet revenge by knocking out the German in the first round.

WOW—
Max is out
on his feet.

When not in training, the champion eats enormous meals. He drinks 4 quarts of milk daily.



JOE thoroughly enjoys hot jazz...



His most prized possession is his championship belt...



JOE has wisely invested his money against the day when he will no longer be champion.



I been terrible lucky, and I don't want nuthin' to change.



To-day, undefeated Heavyweight Champion of the world, JOE LOUIS stands ready to meet all comers...

UNSUNG HERO

John Honeyman

the man behind
George Washington's
famous crossing
of the
Delaware.

The story of John Honeyman, unsung hero, who made it possible for Washington to plan and carry out his Christmas Eve attack on the Hessian soldiers fighting for the English in the Revolutionary War, at Trenton, N.J.

November 1776, Washington and his army, after the loss of New York, were forced to retreat across New Jersey.

If I could only get some reliable information about the movements of the enemy --

We can't find out anything, sir.



Meanwhile... John Honeyman's butcher shop in Griggstown, N.J.





To the good people of New Jersey and all others it may concern:

It is ordered that the wife and children of John Honeyman, of Friggstown, the notorious Tory, now within the British lines and probably acting the part of a British spy, should be protected from all harm and annoyance. This is no protection to Honeyman himself.

Geo. Washington

Washington and his army continued to retreat across New Jersey. Then on Dec. 8, 1776, he gathered up all the boats on the Delaware River and crossed to the Pennsylvania shore.

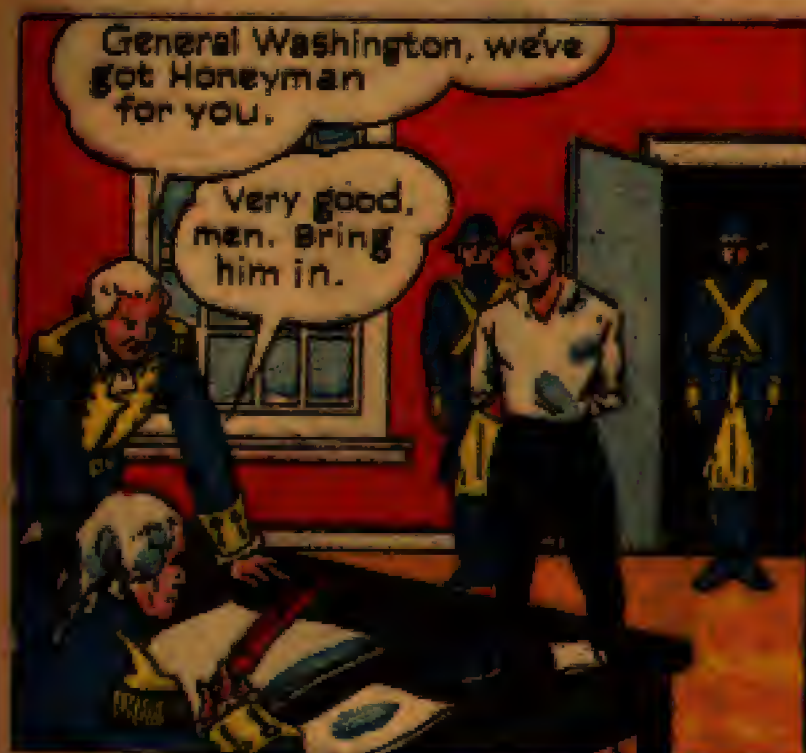
Dec. 22. Honeyman drove a herd of cattle into Trenton for the Hessians, who were fighting for the British.

Where's Colonel Rall's headquarters?

There.







...on Christmas Eve there won't be no guard out! They're havin' a feast. Beef and wine... Lots of it!

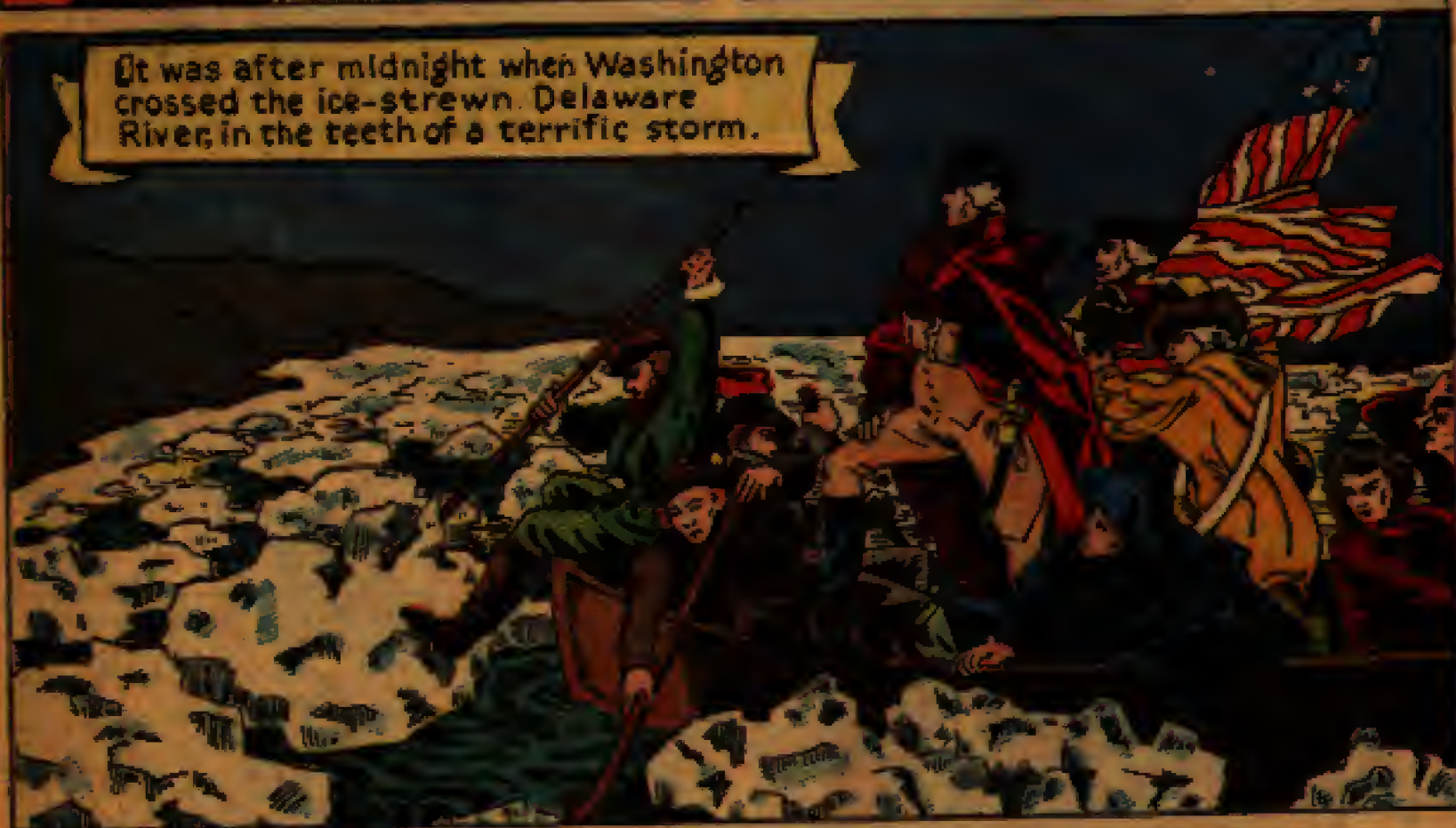
Christmas Eve! Then that's the time to attack!



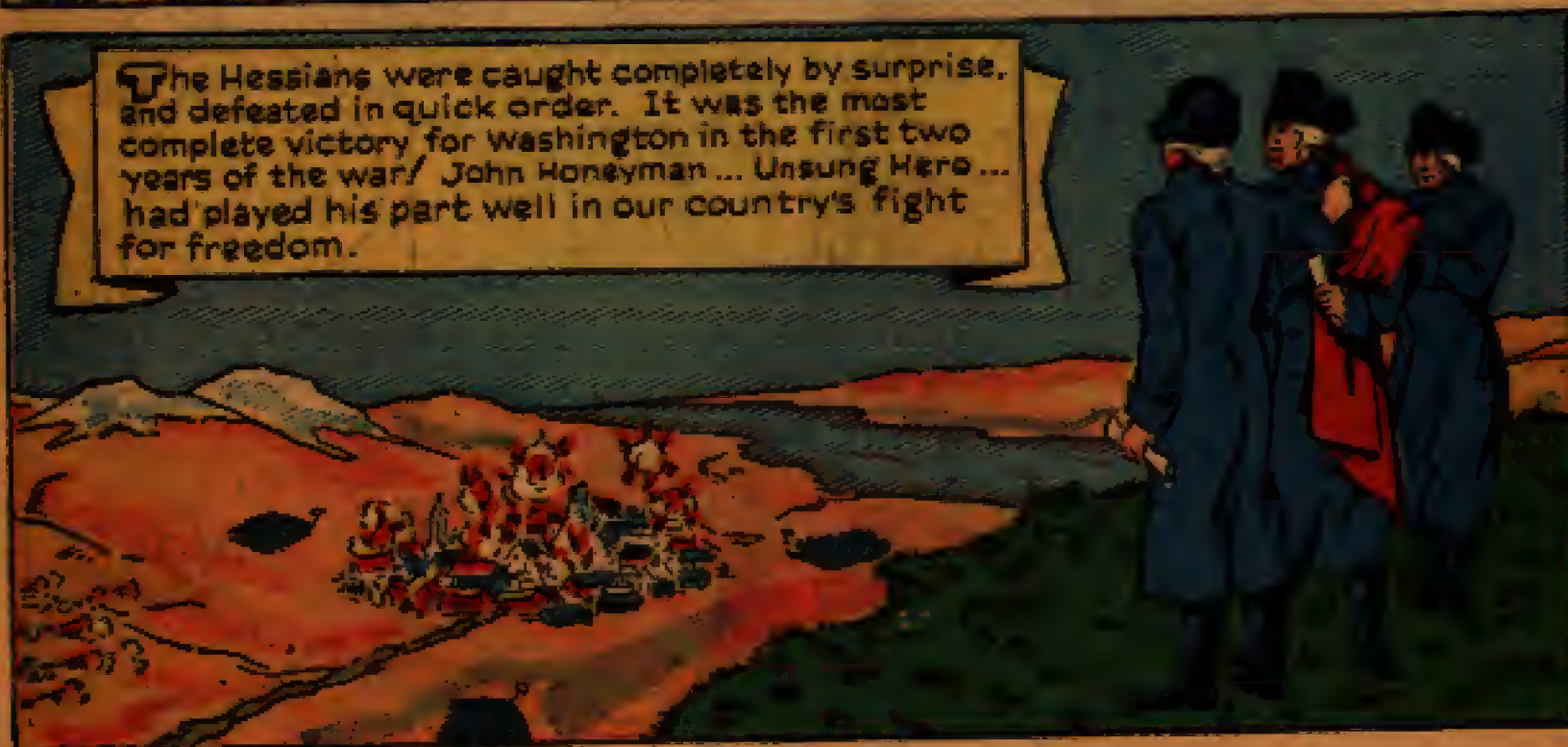
At nightfall on Christmas Eve, 1776, Washington's army began to embark for the New Jersey shore.



It was after midnight when Washington crossed the ice-strewn Delaware River, in the teeth of a terrific storm.



The Hessians were caught completely by surprise, and defeated in quick order. It was the most complete victory for Washington in the first two years of the war! John Honeyman... Unsung Hero... had played his part well in our country's fight for freedom.



The Man Who Downed The RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY Captain Roy Brown



It was April 21, 1918! Among the flyers of World War No. 1, the great German flier, VON RICHTHOFEN and his FLYING CIRCUS were supreme! Richthofen, whose crimson plane earned him the title of **The Red Knight of Germany!** He had already brought down eighty British planes.

Early that same morning, a tall, lean Canadian flier, Captain Roy Brown, was about to take up his routine morning flight over the front.



As he climbed into the plane, Brown's thoughts might have wandered back to a day four years before...



Toronto, Canada ... 1914!

Thing look
bad over
in
Europe.

Yeah, Roy,
it seems to
be the real
thing this
time.

We'll
go right
in it.
Canada always
supports England.



War!

Canada rallied men and resources
in support of the British war
effort!

We were right.
It's the air force for
me. I want to fly.

Not this boy.
I belong on
the ground.

What's
the
difference,
as long as you
get a crack
at the
Jerries?



Brown became a cadet in
the Royal Flying Corps.

And that
concludes
today's
lecture.

When
do we
fly?

We'll have
to master
the theory of
flying first.



That was
excellent solo flying.
Cadet Brown. You
have the makings of
a fine pilot.

Thank
you,
sir.



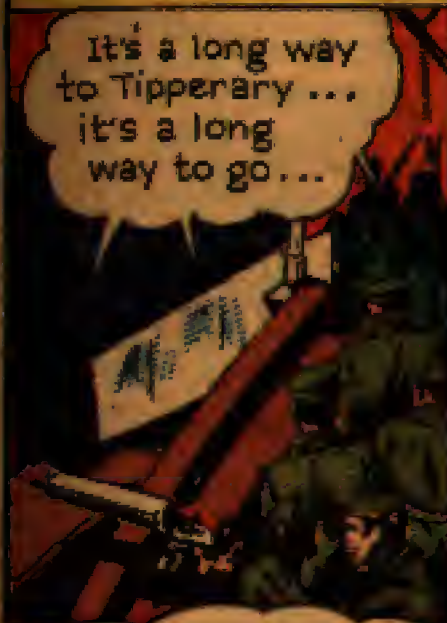
Rise and shine!
Every man is to be
ready with full kit in
half an hour! We're
taking a little
sea voyage!

You know what
that means,
Tom!

Look out,
Kaiser Bill,
here come
the
Canadians!



And the Canadians came to do their part for England. Roy Brown was with them on that December Day in 1915.



Learn your Vickers gun well, men! It will mean the difference between life and death in a dog fight!



We've been at this for weeks and it's only the beginning.

Jove! Those Canadians are decent fliers! Excellent!



Gentlemen, in a few days you will be at the front. You finish your training period today!



But Fate had other plans for Roy Brown!



Brown was badly injured in the crash, fracturing a small bone in his spine.

Too bad this had to happen, Roy, just when we were moving up to the front.

You join us as soon as your back is healed.

Yes, Tom. Goodbye and good luck, buddies!

Months! Months in this confounded hospital! Now the Jerries have this Richthofen who is shooting down our men like flies!

But at last Brown was discharged from the hospital and rejoined his Canadian buddies.

This is your commission as a Lieutenant. You are to report to Air Squadron No. 9.

This is the best news I've had, sir.

Is this Air Squadron No. 9?

Righto! Park your duffle anywhere ... Roy! Roy Brown!

Brown, old chap!

Who's 'e, the Prince of Wales?

So the others have all gone West?

Yes, Roy, the Jerries got them. Richthofen, himself, shot down two of the boys.

Richthofen! If I ever tangle with him, I'll have some score to settle!



Lieutenant Brown reporting for duty, sir

You will take part in escorting a bomber flight which is going out over the German lines.



His first action!

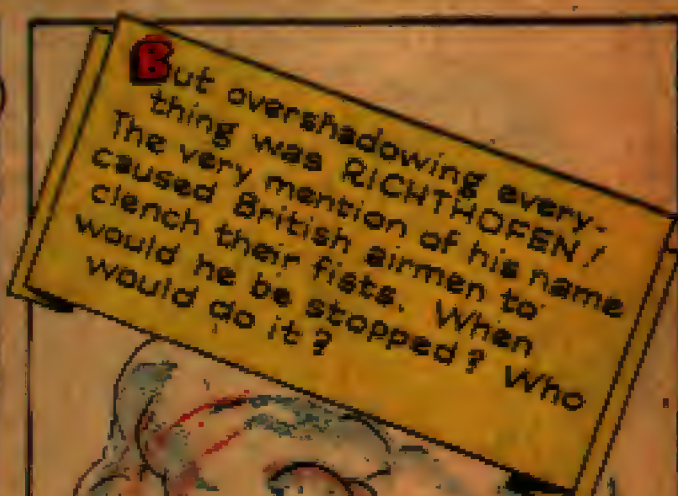
And this is only the beginning



That's the stuff, Brown. You go up and a Jerry goes down

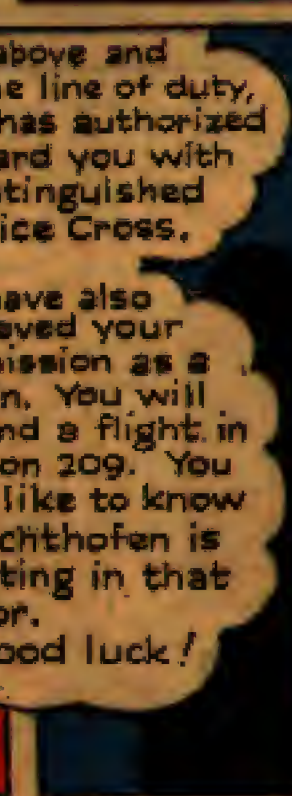
Maybe.

He's making up for lost time. Why, maybe he'll get Richthofen one of these days!



But overshadowing everything was RICHTHOFEN! The very mention of his name caused British airmen to clench their fists. When would he be stopped? Who would do it?





THE WAR WENT ON! Then came the German advance of APRIL 1918! Black days for the Allies!



Day and night, the birdmen
flung themselves into
the fight!

Here's a
present,
Fritzie!

Let 'em
have
it!

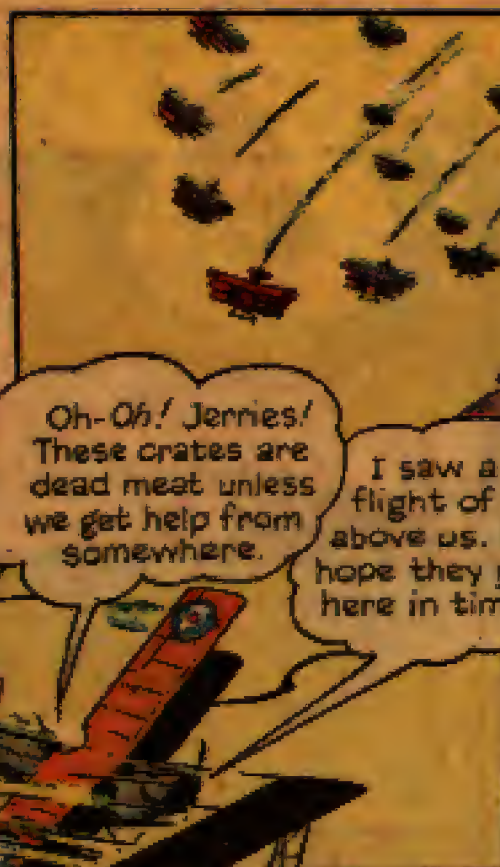
So it was that on April 21, 1918,
Captain Roy Brown led his squadron
into the air!

All
clear!

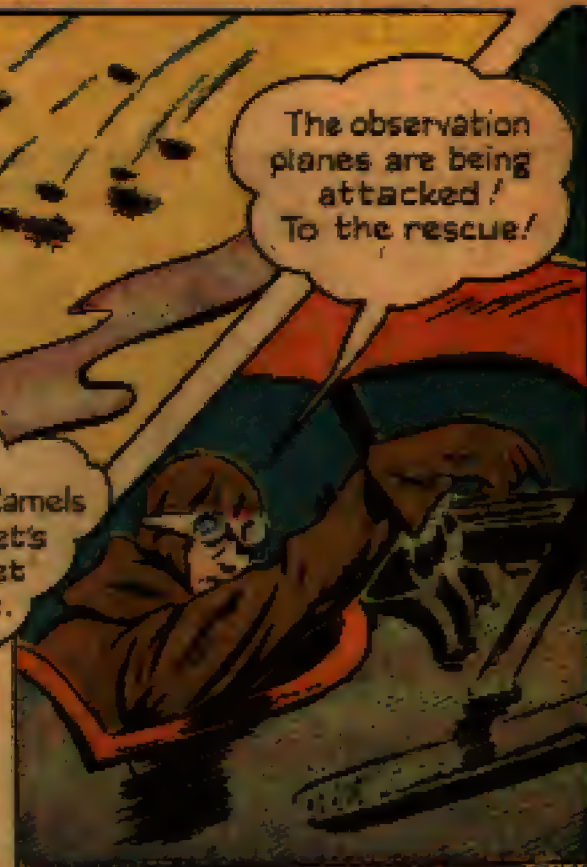
All right!
SQUADRON
UP!

The eight fighters roared into the
air as one. Their course was
due East!

But heading westward
was RICHTHOFEN with
his Flying Circus!
Each moment he drew
closer to Brown and
his men!



I saw a flight of Camels above us. Let's hope they get here in time.



DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!

plunged the British fighters in a full power dive as they sped to the rescue of the hard-pressed observation planes.



The observation planes streaked for home. Then the battle was on! Eight British planes versus twenty-two Germans!

This is one nasty fight!
We're outnumbered
almost three
to one!

Neither Brown nor his men
realized that they were fighting
the famous Flying Circus!

A British pilot was
forced to withdraw.
Then, like a hawk, down
swooped the Red
Knight of Germany,
ready for the kill!

Blast the luck!
My gun is jammed!

Uh!
He's on my
tail!
I'm a goner!

Brown saw the
desperate plight
of his buddy.

That Fokker
is on our man's
tail. I've got to
save our
lad.

Expertly, Brown
maneuvered his
plane behind the
Germans.

Oho! Jerry
doesn't expect
an attack
from the
rear!

Brown swung his plane until the foe was squarely in the sights of his guns.



Got him!
And a good thing. That was my last drum of ammunition.



Then his finger closed on the trigger. The chattering machine guns tugged a seam of death in the side of the Red Fokker!



Thanks. You did a swell job in getting me out of a bad spot.

Forget it. You'll do the same for me some time.



A report just came, sir. The red fokker you shot down was piloted by Richthofen! He is dead!

So this is the end of the Red Knight of Germany.



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